

Eng. Poetry vol 46

L O U I S A :

A T A L E

By CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A N E P I T H E T

T O

The MEMORY of LORD LYTTELTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADDELL, in the STRAND.

MDCCLXXIV.

[Price Two Shillings.]

UNIVERSITY OF

OXFORD

BY CHARLES JENNER, M.A.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NEW

TO

THE MEMOIR OF LORD EYRE



Printed for T. Cadell, the Stationer.

MDCCLXXXV

Price Two Shillings

L O U I S A :

A T A L E.

—— But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
By midnight cares the bloom of ALBION dies.

ARMSTRONG.

L O U I S A :

A T A L E

To find himself being carried in own hands
By night saw the shadow of Alphonse

AMSTERDAM

[iv]
T O

The **YOUNG LADIES** *of* Great-Britain.

LADIES,

THE following simple story, founded on an unfortunate fact, is humbly offer'd to your patronage, by one who wishes not to appear to you in the light of a severe censor, or an austere moralist : Far be it from me to forbid you to taste of pleasure ; long may you enjoy every thing that ought to bear that name. The only lesson I wish to inculcate is moderation in it's pursuit.

I will not suppose it necessary to guard you against vicious enjoyments, but will please myself in the idea that my fair Patronesses possess, in as high a degree as the poor young Lady whose fate I lament, every grace supported and adorn'd by every virtue. Suffer me then only to remind you, by her example, that there are dangers in the pursuit of pleasure, which occur long before it ceases to be innocent : that prudence has a claim upon your conduct and attention, as well as virtue ; and that the delicacy of your frame may sink under evils that cannot affect your mind.

The

The fatal effects of the prevailing taste for dissipated life upon the constitutions of my fair countrywomen, are I fear but too apparent in every public assembly: it is not for age alone that nervous medicines must supply fictitious spirits, and art repair decaying charms. If therefore the fate of the poor Louisa, at the same time that it affords you a half hour's amusement, can suggest to you one moment's reflection, and give a gentle lesson of moderation in your pursuits of even innocent enjoyments, what happiness shall I receive from the present acknowledgments of your Parents, Friends and Lovers, and from the hopes of those which hereafter you may possibly not grudge to afford me yourselves.

I have the honour to be, with the utmost esteem,

Your devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

[8]

To you, the Lyonesse, in sportive guise,
Who follow in her train,
Who view her courts with eager eyes,
And from her smile the blissful prize.

L O U I S A.

I sing, cut off at earliest years,
Loving, hapless fair!
A Friend's remorse, a Lover's tears,
A Lover's fix'd despair.

P A R T I.

STILL shall delusive Pleasure spread
Her too successful snare,
Whilst no kind muse instructs to dread
The dangers lurking there?

Securely still shall she deceive,
And dress the splendid bait;
Shall inexperience still believe,
And caution come too late?

To you, ye *Nymphs*, in sportive guise,
 Who follow in her train,
 Who view her courts with eager eyes,
 And scorn the humble plain,

I sing, cut off at earliest years,
Louisa, hapless Fair!
 A Friend's remorse, a Parent's tears,
 A Lover's fix'd despair.

Forbid not one soft sigh to rise
 For youth and beauty flown;
 And let one tear for her clos'd eyes
 Shine graceful in your own.

So may ye learn that Beauty's pride
 Not time alone destroys;
 That youth and splendour may provide
 But not ensure your joys:

So

So may ye, warn'd by her sad fate,
 Far from the mad'ning throng
 Seek calmer blessings not too late,
 And keep those blessings long.

On *Thames'* fair banks she pass'd her days
 In no obscure retreat,
 For Fame had spread abroad her praise,
 And dignified her feat.

Her form, was beauty, softness, grace,
 Simplicity refin'd ;
 The open radiance of her face
 Display'd her inmost mind :

A mind that own'd in earliest youth
 What age can scarce supply,
 Discretion, mildness, candour, truth,
 And gay serenity.

Of universal love she knew
 The secret to explore;
 Content herself with scarce her due,
 To others paying more.

And well she knew the golden mean,
 From pride and meanness free,
 Steering her even course between
 Neglect and flattery.

Oft when some little mind was bent
 To triumph o'er a friend,
 With sweet address would she invent
 Some trifle to commend:

And often might discernment trace,
 When modest worth has shone,
 The marks of her reflected grace
 Appearing like its own.

'Tis thus the sun with silver gleams
 Illumes the orb of night,
 And hides awhile his own bright beams
 To shew her modest light.

And ever thus superiour sense
 A double praise receives,
 That fosters bashful excellence,
 And gains by what it gives.

Acasto with paternal care
 Her rising virtues ey'd,
 Saw her so good, so lov'd, so fair,
 With all a father's pride,

In her, with fond connubial truth,
 He still retrac'd the charms
 Of the lost part'ner of his youth
 Who left her to his arms.

For her he wish'd his little more,
 For her his cares encrease;
 Her's was the harvest's golden store,
 And her's the treasur'd fleece.

For her he rose at early dawn
 To deck the rural scene;
 For her he strew'd the upland lawn
 With many a varied green.

For her he taught with easy way
 The ductile stream to move;
 For her with waving foliage gay
 He rear'd the tufted grove.

With joy, when Winter's storms were o'er,
 He saw their charms renew,
 And hop'd with her one season more
 To trace their varied hue:

And still with flatt'ring view foretold.

When Autumn saw them fade,

" *Louisa*, when these hands are cold,

Shall reverence your shade.

" Here shall she lift, with silent tread,

" To *Philomela's* voice ;

" Nor lift alone, but with her lead

" The part'ner of her choice.

" Her smiling race, these shades among,

" Shall speak my simple fame,

" Whilst she instructs the infant tongue

" To lisp the planter's name.

" For well I know, to that mild breast

" Which truth and nature share,

" Love comes as an invited guest,

" To fix his dwelling there.

" His

" His pow'r the chafest maid may feel

" Her yielding heart enslave;

" Nor need the chafest maid conceal

" What Heav'n in goodness gave.

" For deep within the gen'rous breast

" The seeds of love are sown,

" In that rich soil to flourish best

" Which sense and virtue own.

" Nature's unblam'd, tho' warm desires,

" His genuine sweets bestow;

" And virtue checks those lawless fires

" That constitute his woe.

" Can ere, alas! my *Julia's* grace

" Within this bosom die,

" The blush that crimson'd o'er her face,

" The tear that fill'd her eye,

" When

" When first with fault'ring tongue she strove

" The secret to impart,

" That virtue sanctified her love,

" And gave me all her heart.

" Chaste pattern of connubial truth,

" My *Julia* ever dear!

" The pride, the darling of my youth,

" Accept my age's tear:

" Haply, had I been snatch'd away,

" Thy heart had joy'd to own,

" *Acasto*, from our nuptial day,

" Ne'er met me with a frown.

" O may my lov'd *Louisa*'s mind,

" Where kindred virtues dwell,

" A train of kindred blessings find,

" And know their worth as well.

" May

" May she the trifling female's joy

" With better hopes despise,

" A rage for conquest, to destroy

" The comforts they should prize:

" For them (thro' life's distracted scene

" All heedless as they run)

" *Has beauty but created been*

" *T' undo or be undone (a):*

" For her, (her share of beauty's pride

" To happier views employ'd)

" With truth and virtue for her guide

" T' enjoy and be enjoy'd.

" Of wealthy age, of titled vice,

" Full oft have I been told,

" Kind heav'n, forbid for such vile price

" *Louisa's blifs be sold.*

(a) *Daniel's Ulysses and the Syren.*

" From

" From sordid views of wealth or pride

" My age's weakness bless;

" For all be ev'ry pray'r denied

" But home-born happiness,

" May her fair form, her manners sweet,

" One kindred heart enslave,

" And all that fond attachment meet

" That I to *Julia* gave."

He spoke, and in his pious vow

Louisa bore a part,

For *Henry* on the mountain's brow

Had fix'd her constant heart.

Yet not on love alone it's care

The Fair one's heart employ'd;

A Friend too claim'd an ample share,

From earliest years enjoy'd.

Melissa blest'd with equal charms,
 In equal bloom of youth,
 Ambition led to aged arms
 To vow unequal truth.

Four tedious years she wore those chains
 Whose weight she never told,
 Then reap'd, the price of all her pains,
 His lands and treasur'd gold.

Conspicuous on a mountain's side
 Her sumptuous mansion stood,
 With many a valley skirting wide,
 And many a spreading wood:

Proportion'd sweet, with hill and dale,
 With checquer'd light and shade,
 And *Thames* along the winding vale
 His silver arms display'd.

The

The landscape oft the trav'ler view'd,
 And saw thro' ev'ry part,
 Nature in her most graceful mood
 Led on by Taste and Art.

Beneath the mountain's shaggy side
 Bespread with antique wood,
 In modest state and decent pride
Louisa's dwelling stood.

Never did traveller that way
 With purpos'd step advance,
 But if he happen'd there to stray,
 He blest'd his lucky chance:

For Nature wander'd through the meads
 To her own native bow'rs,
 Clad in her simple russet weeds,
 And deck'd with spring-time flow'rs:

And Comfort shew'd a turfy seat
 His footsteps to detain;
 Whilst something simple, proper, neat,
 Still lur'd him back again.

'Midst gay *Melissa's* splendid towers
 He wond'ring pass'd the day;
 And less he prais'd *Louisa's* bow'rs,
 But could not haste away.

By some it may have fancied been,
 Who love such truths to find,
 That in each mansion might be seen
 An emblem of each mind.

Melissa, born to be admir'd,
 Might give a nation laws;
 Her sense, her beauty, all conspir'd
 To draw a world's applause:

Whilst

Whilst mild *Louisa's* gentle mind

To no vain pomp aspir'd,

For calm domestic joys design'd,

More lov'd, tho' less admir'd.

Melissa's wit, *Melissa's* face,

No tongue could praise too high;

No heart but felt *Louisa's* grace,

And prais'd her with a sigh.

Calypso thus her charms display'd,

To gain an empty bliss;

The hero all due homage paid,

But sigh'd for *Eucharis*.

P A R T II.

TWAS now three years, an age in love,
 Since hopes of future ease
 Had tempted *Henry* from the grove
 To brave tempestuous seas;

And yet three tedious months remain'd
 To linger in their flight,
 Ere he his native shore regain'd
 To bless *Louisa's* fight.

The only comfort that she knew
 The moments to beguile,
 From gay *Melissa's* love she drew,
 Who cheer'd her with a smile:

Would hear her tell their mutual flame,
 How form'd and how increas'd;
 Would let her dwell upon his name,
 The absent lover's feast:

Would patient hear her anxious fears
 Retold from day to day,
 See her fair eyes all bath'd in tears,
 And kiss those tears away:

Her wit employ'd it's generous art,
 When thus she saw her melt,
 And rallied her too tender heart
 For pains she ne'er had felt:

Or when the mourner ill could bear
 The gentle friendly jest,
 She mix'd the sympathizing tear,
 And clasp'd her to her breast:

But

But Winter's storms now gathering round,
Had clad the distant plains in hoar
In robes of silver hue; and bound
The streams in icy chains.

Louisa mourn'd the faded year,
She mourn'd the shorten'd day,
But more she mourn'd the season dear
That call'd her friend away.

Melissa seeks the splendid town,
Where, borne on Pleasure's wing,
Time flies, nor heeds the Winter's frown,
Nor mourns the absent Spring.

She saw in poor *Louisa's* eyes
The pearly drops that thence
"And must we part, sweet maid," she cries,
"Must you be left alone,

" To wander o'er the dreary plain
 " Without a glimpse of joy,
 " Whilst I in Pleasure's sprightly train
 " My happier hours employ ?

" Alone shall I for beauty's prize,
 " When flatt'ring crowds appear,
 " Exert the brightness of my eyes,
 " And leave far brighter here ?

" 'Gainst ranks of stubborn hearts, shall I
 " My single charms display ;
 " Nor you, my lovely second, by,
 " To share the well-fought day ?

" No, we'll together take the field,
 " And arm in arm engage ;
 " We'll make the most obdurate yield,
 " And spare nor youth nor age :

" No dangers by ourselves endur'd,

" What mischief may we do!

" By gay indiff'rence I secur'd,

" You by your love so true.

" Come then, *Louisa*, seek with me,

" For once, the cheerful town;

" Share our gay joys, and wond'ring see

" How fast the hours are flown.

" New scenes of pleasure we'll prepare

" To cheat the dreary night,

" And *Henry's* self, shall thank the care

" That made his absence light."

A wish half rising in her breast,

With self-denying voice

Acasto join'd in the request,

And fix'd her wav'ring choice:

He

He parted with an ardent vow
 From all his soul held dear;
 She forc'd a smile upon her brow,
 To hide a starting tear.

But still upon her pensive mind
 There hung a drooping cloud;
 Full ill she felt herself inclin'd
 To join the busy crowd:

For filial love, or something more,
 Was struggling in her breast,
 Or haply some prophetic pow'r
 Her boding soul possess'd.

Melissa, thoughtless, happy, gay,
 Dispell'd her gloomy fears,
 Review'd the projects for the day,
 And mock'd her swelling tears.

Wherever circling pleasures wait
 Her lovely friend she drew,
 And saw at length her heart dilate
 At scenes so bright, so new,

And now she bears no irksome part
 Wherever joys invite;
 The innocence that fill'd her heart,
 Made ev'ry scene more bright.

The charm of novelty she finds
 Where'er her footsteps bend;
 And flatt'ry, bane of noblest minds,
 A transient joy might lend:

The strongest minds each moment sees
 It's sweet allurements own,
 By art disguis'd, too sure to please,
 Nor quite displease when known.

Where'er

Where'er the fair companions stray'd,
 Th' admiring crowd pursued;
 Where'er their beauties were display'd,
 Their homage was renew'd.

When prospects, guiltless as they're gay,
 The raptur'd heart employ,
 And virtue not obstructs the way
 That leads to present joy:

When, in the garb of Innocence,
 With all her witching train,
 Sweet Pleasure woules the active sense,
 Does she oft wooe in vain.

Who then shall prompt the wise escape,
 Who then suggest a fear,
 That ev'n this questionable shape
 May hide some danger near?

Like

Ah!

Ah! not to guilt alone's confin'd
 Her various misery, but by admiring crowd
 Too oft, tho' innocent in kind, yet
 Yet fatal in degree

Tho' virtue ev'ry guard supplies
 (*Louisa* prov'd how true)
 The prudent duties must arrest
 From moderation too

No fear her conscious bosom fills
 Till doom'd too late to find
 Her tender frame expos'd to ill
 That could not reach her mind

The nightly dew, the tainted air,
 Her peaceful slumbers break;
 Nor vigils, long protracted, spare
 The roses in her cheek.

Like *April* suns her beauties fade,
 By gath'ring storms o'ercast;
 The chilling damps her breast invade,
 And death is in the blast.

Ah! where are now the ruddy look,
 Deriv'd from native plains,
 The sleep that only morning broke,
 The tide that fill'd her veins?

The aspect rural peasants share,
 Health mingled with delight;
 The spirits light, and free as air,
 The unpall'd appetite?

Alas no more—too fast they flew,
 And now they all are fled;
 Her lip now drops it's ruby hue,
 Now languid droops her head.

Ah!

Ah! who shall speak *Melissa's* grief,
 Who tell *Acasto's* woe?
 He comes too late to give relief,
 Or ward the threaten'd blow.

" And is it thus we meet again,
 " For ever but to part!
 " Ah why—but let me spare thy pain,
 " Nor grieve thy breaking heart."

The lovely sufferer rais'd her head:
 " And art thou come," she cries,
 " To dew with Pity's tear the bed,
 " Where Folly's victim lies?"

" Forgive"—" No more, my child, he cried:
 " Oh spare thyself, and me;
 " Just Heav'n has thus chastis'd my pride,
 " Too proud, alas! of Thee.

Al!

" Thy

“ Thy *Henry*” — At th’ enliv’ning name
 A faint blush dy’d her cheek;
 She strove to raise her sinking frame,
 And struggled thus to speak:

“ If ere, as sure it will at length,
 “ Heav’n brings him to thy view,
 “ Tell him my last remains of strength
 “ I gave to him and you.

“ And tell him, ’midst the splendid round
 “ Of pleasures dearly bought,
 “ My bosom ne’er one moment own’d
 “ A wav’ring wish or thought:

“ Bid him a kind remembrance bear,
 “ Of her who lov’d so true,
 “ But dry the unavailing tear,
 “ And live to comfort you.”

E

Too

Too plain, alas! her *Henry* hears
 The dying fond command;
 For now with agonizing tears,
 He bathes her clay-cold hand.

“Are thus,” he cries, “my dreams of peace,
 “All blasted with despair?
 “O give me back to raging seas,
 “Fond hope at least was there.

“Too thee, alas! the happier part
 “Has partial Heav’n assign’d,
 “But think not *Henry*’s constant heart
 “Will linger long behind.”

She started at the well known sound—
 And felt her fond heart break—
 She cast a longing look around,
 And strove, but could not speak:

A mo-

A moment thus she hung distressed,
Some dying murmurs fell;
She sunk upon her *Henry's* breast,
And look'd a last farewell.

Reflect one moment o'er her bier,
Ye slaves to Pleasure's name,
Who shipwreck make in her career,
Of Life, if not of Fame.

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

The Right Hon. LORD LYTTTELTON.

For *Lycidas* is dead ———

————— And has not left his peer.

Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? He knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

MILTON.

E. J. G. Y.

TO THE MEMORY OF

The Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton

For Poems & Sonnets

and the notice of his works

With a preface by Lord Lyttelton

and a list of the subscribers

London

E L E G Y.

IF yet a bard in these degen'rate days,
When ev'ry Muse is fell Detraction's slave,
Can spare one line of tributary praise,
To worth extinct, and honour in the grave :

If ev'ry social virtue can have pow'r,
From kindred breasts the votive song to claim,
To aid the hero, at his parting hour,
To rest his sorrows on the lap of fame :

Around

Around, O LYTTLETON, thy honour'd Tomb,
 The fairest trophies that the muse can bring,
 Shall hang for ever in perpetual bloom,
 For thou hast taught us both to grieve and sing.

For thee shall plaintive Elegy bestow ^(a)
 The wreath of *Cypress*, erst her MILTON's prize;
 Historic truth shall twine her laurel bough
 With *Fancy's* flow'rets, of a thousand dyes.

But chiefly from her starry-spangled throne,
 With steady eye that mark'd thy fleeting breath,
 Religion pours her radiant glories down,
 To hail thee victor both of *Sin* and *Death*.

Thy smile was Honour, and thy friendship Fame;
 And sure, amidst thy weeping social band,
 Some lab'ring breast will catch the gen'rous flame,
 Nor leave thy praises to a stranger hand;

(a) Alluding to his different works.

Some bolder muse shall greet thy rev'rend shade,
And tell thy virtues to an age to come ;
Enough for me, I have not seen thee laid
Unwept, unnotic'd, in thy silent tomb.

Be their's the task whom rapid genius fires
And virtue lifts above the vulgar throng ;
To suit the numbers to such theme, requires
The goodness of *thy* heart, the sweetness of *thy* song.

F I N I S.

Some bolder muse shall greet thy reverend shades,
And tell thy virtues to an age to come;
Enough for me, I have not seen thee hid
Unwept, unnoticed, in the silent tomb.

Be thine the task whom rapid genius fires
And virtue lifts above the vulgar throng;
To suit the numbers to the measures, requires
The goodness of wit, the sweetness of the song.



